



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

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sharing, of loving and bearing, will always spend himself freely on others, will love and serve, seeking for nothing again; but the child who recognises that he is the object of constant attention, consideration, love and service, becomes self-regardful, self-seeking, selfish, almost without his fault, so strongly is he influenced by the direction his thoughts receive from those about him. So, too, of that other fountain, of justice, with which every child is born. There again, the stream may flow forth in either, but not in both, of the channels, the egoistic or the altruistic. The child's demand for justice may be all for himself, or, from the very first, the rights of others may be kept before his eyes. He may be taught to occupy himself with *his own rights and other people's duties*, and, if he is, his state of mind is easily discernible by the watch-words often on his lips, "It's a shame!" "It's not fair!" or he may, on the other hand, be so filled with the notion of *his own duties and other people's rights*, that the claims of self slip quietly into the background. This kind cometh forth only by prayer, but it is well to clear our thoughts and know definitely what we desire for our children, because only so can we work intelligently towards the fulfilment of our desire. It is sad to pray, and frustrate the answer by our own action, but this is, alas, too possible.

During the coming festival of the Eternal Child, may parents ponder how best to keep their own children in the blessed child-estate, recollecting that the humility which Christ commends in the children is what we describe philosophically, as the objective principle as opposed to the subjective, and that, in proportion as a child becomes self-regardful in any function of his being, he loses the grace of humility. This is the broad principle; the practical application will need constant watchfulness; and constant efforts, especially in this happy season, to keep friends and visitors from shewing their love for the children in any way that shall tend to develop self-consciousness.

This, of humility, is not only a counsel of perfection, but is, perhaps, the highest counsel of perfection, but when we put it to parents, we offer it to those for whom no endeavour is too difficult, no aim too lofty; and to them we give out reverent and very cordial Christmas greetings, knowing well how much they are doing to advance the Kingdom of Christ.

AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

BY MRS. FRANCIS F. STEINTHAL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—A very merry Christmas to you all. This month all your little fingers will be busy making surprises for father and mother. Some little people I know are already working very hard. One small boy has dressed up the funny bone of a goose with a wide cloak, and tall sugar loaf gold hat on its head. The nose is made of sealing wax, and the two ends make the feet, that are fastened to a cloth pen-wiper, on which is a little paper, which reads,

Once I grew upon a hen,
And now I'm made to hold a pen.

Another smaller boy has cut out square pieces of cardboard, about 8 inches wide, pasted pretty heads and flowers on them, and folded them to hang against the wall for little pockets. They are tied together with baby ribbon. For some tiny cousins, the dancing cork dolls I mentioned in another letter are being prepared. A cardboard box standing on its side is being painted and decorated as a flower shop. A counter is fixed inside, to hold little shells with fern and moss, and a dainty little doll seller presides over it. Three shelves at the back also hold sticks, and pots, and painted flowers. This is going to a children's hospital.

May you, one and all, have a bright, happy Christmas, is the earnest wish of

Your loving

AUNTIE MAI.

COMPETITIONS.

MY DOLLIES' WARDROBE.

Class I. Age 11 to 15.—Margaret Kendall (14) and Kathleen Bird (13) have won the prizes. The dresses are

so pretty and well made that it has been more difficult than ever to decide which were the best. Good work has been sent by Katharine Marriott (12), Violet Mackintosh (14), Winifred Grice (12), Marjery Webb (11), Cecilia Coote (12), Natalia Neumann, Elsie Webb (13), Evelyn Powey (11), Margaret Gregson (12), Barbara Gregson (11), Rhoda Goddard (11), Madge Allen (13), Dorothy Senior (11).

Class II. Age 10 and under.—Marjorie Barbour and Margaret Stabb (9) win prizes. The following nieces have done capital work: Mabel Gardner (10), Mary Priestman, Dorothy Ker (9), Hilda Newton (9), Sybil Baker (8), Joë Bellingham (8), Kathie Parke (7), Cecile Parke (7), Muriel Mackintosh (7), Eleanor M. Elder (7), Margaret Elder (9), Lucy Wilson.

Aunt Mai is very sorry to part with her nieces who have worked for the whole year, and have now completely dressed their dollies; but she does hope they will now go in for the other competitions, such as the dressing of the Queens of England, or Illustrations, so that she can keep in touch with them.

In December a hat will be made, the design to be made by each child. Next year this competition will continue—the patterns are so good, and the enjoyment of the dressmakers is evidently very great. Patterns to be obtained from Vickers (*vide advertisement*).

QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

Marjorie Dunthorne has sent a most correct Queen Elizabeth, with stiffened old gold satin dress, and lace ruffle, and brocade bodice embroidered with pearls. *Lucy Scott Moncrieff's* Queen is in white silk, embroidered in gold, and slashed with pale blue jewels (beads) in her hair. *Dorothy Hannan's* Queen is in pink satin, with cream satin train, edged with swansdown, vest embroidered with jewels, and jewels in hair. *Cecilia Coote*, who gets the prize, has dressed her Queen in a green silk front and train, and coral silk skirt, lace frill, embroidered waist, and steels or diamonds in the hair. *Dorothy Senior's* Queen is in terra cotta silk, with large lace frill. The above are described somewhat after the manner of the *Court Chronicle*, to suggest to other nieces how to begin to dress the Queens,

and induce them to join this very pretty competition. The Queens must not exceed six inches.

No Queens will be taken in December, owing to Christmas presents having to be made. In January the beginners will dress the mother of King Alfred, and the present workers will take Anne Boleyn.

LITTLE WORKERS' SOCIETY.

Founder: MRS. EDMUND STRODE.

Particulars of this Society will be given in January. Children under ten can join it, and make two garments in the year each, for poor children. Mrs. Strode has most generously offered an extra prize for next year.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Next year, beginning in January, there will be a Drawing Club, and children who would like to be members are requested to send in their names. A brush-drawing subject and an Illustration will be given each month, and all drawings, with a criticism of each, will be sent round in a portfolio. Stamps must be sent with each drawing for return postage, but no entrance fee is required.

Illustrations of the "Rowan Necklace" have been sent by Marguerite Dowding, Faith Venables, Dorothy Rope, and Faith Venables. As they are not quite as good as previous drawings have been, a prize is not awarded. In January there will, therefore, be two offered. No Illustrations to be done in December.

TALES.

Lucy Scott Moncrieff, Phœbe Rennell, Dora Spielman, Madge Franklin, May Warren Vernon, and Victoria Coats have sent tales on "The Snowball and Robin"; most of these will appear in the Children's Christmas Magazine. Dorothy Yeo has sent a nice little poem on "Christmas Eve" for the Magazine.

OUR LITTLE COOKS.

I. *Kedgerree*.—Wash two tablespoonfuls of rice in cold water, then throw it into plenty of fast boiling water slightly salted, and let it boil quickly until a grain feels tender when taken between the thumb and finger. It will take about twenty minutes, but must *not* be allowed to boil until it forms a pulpy mass, as the grains must be kept separate. When done, drain it in a colander, and let cold water run on it a minute or two to separate the grains; then put the stewpan near the fire, put the rice into it, and shake it from time to time, till it is dry and quite hot. Pick the flesh off some cold boiled fish from the bones, and break it into flakes, quite free from skin and bone. The fish and rice should be in about equal quantities. Melt a slice of butter in the frying-pan, throw in the rice and fish, and stir all briskly together till the mixture is quite hot; add a little salt and pepper. Have ready two well-beaten eggs, stir them at the last moment into the kedgerree, and serve it very hot on a breakfast dish.

II. *Orange Cream*.—Dissolve three quarters of an ounce of isinglass in two small teacups of water. To half a pound of white castor sugar add the rind of three oranges grated and the juice of the same. Boil these up together, and while boiling add the isinglass. Let the mixture cool, and add gradually a gill of thick cream; turn the mixture into a mould to set.

CANARIES. II.

Canaries, when well looked after, are very healthy, but when moulting, or changing their feathers, they require great care and special treatment. When young birds are nine or ten weeks old they begin to moult, and do not attain their full strength and plumage for about nine weeks; some, however, are a shorter time. The earlier in the spring a bird is hatched, the longer time it takes to moult. Keep your bird in a place free from draughts; give it the flowers of marigold—only the blooms—no green food whatever; no hemp seed, canary seed alone, and, if the bird will eat it, a little linseed. Plenty of saffron in the drinking water. A piece of fresh suet, or the yolk of an egg boiled hard, may

be placed between the bars of the cage for the bird to peck at. Never allow the food to become stale.

Have a cover made of some dark green material, not so thick as to impede breathing; this must fit closely over the cage, to protect from draughts. Do not put *all* the cover on at once, but begin by laying the cover on a corner of the cage, and so on till the bird is used to the semi-darkness, as it will be after two or three days. A bath may be given occasionally. Some birds like a piece of bread soaked in cold water and squeezed dry. Do not forget daily cleaning; fresh sand, with now and then a little chalk, should be sprinkled on the bottom of the cage. Some birds enjoy pecking a piece of salt. The marigold flowers should be given twice a day, if possible.

THE

THREE SISTERS WHO HAD GLASS HEARTS.

From the German.

YOU must know that some human beings have hearts made of glass. If they are touched delicately, they give out a faint ring like silver bells; but should they be struck roughly, they break in pieces.

Once upon a time lived a King and Queen who had three daughters, and all three had glass hearts. "Children," said the Queen, "your hearts are very brittle goods: be careful of them." So they all three took every possible care. One day, however, the oldest sister was looking into the garden and watching the bees and butterflies as they fluttered round the gilliflowers. To get a better view she lent against the window sill: her heart went crack, and she fell down dead.

A short time after, the second daughter was drinking a cup of coffee which was very hot; suddenly a sound was heard as if a glass had been broken, and she, too, fell down as if she were dead. Her mother lifted her up very carefully and saw, to her great joy, she was not quite dead, but that her heart was only slightly cracked.

"What shall we do with our second daughter?" said the King and the Queen one to another. "Although the crack is a small one, still it is there, and it would not take very much to break her heart altogether. We shall have to take great care of her."

But the princess said, "Don't bother me, many a cracked thing has lasted longer than a sound one."

In the meanwhile, the youngest daughter had grown up and was so good, so clever, and so beautiful, that hosts of suitors came every day from all parts of the world to demand her hand in marriage. But the King had been made cautious by misfortune, and he said, "I have only one daughter who is *quite* sound, and even she has a glass heart. So I am determined that she shall marry nobody, who, as well as being a king, is not also a glazier by profession, thus he will be fully competent to deal with brittle wares of that description." But amongst the many suitors there present, not one was a glazier by profession, so they all had to go as they had come.

Now, amongst the court pages who lived in the King's castle, there was one whose term of service was nearly finished. For you must know that in order to become a nobleman, these pages had to carry the trains of the princesses' dresses three times. When this had been done, the King would congratulate the pages and say, "Now, your work is finished, and you are a full-blown nobleman. I am much obliged to you. You can now go home."

The first time the page had carried the princess' train, he noticed that she had a right royal way of walking. The second time, the princess said to him, "Drop my train for a minute, give me your hand and conduct me down the stairs, but you must do so gallantly, as beseems a King's page escorting a King's daughter."

He did as he was bid and noticed that she had a right royal hand. She, too, noticed something; what it was you shall hear latter on. The day that he carried her train for the third time, the princess turned round and said, "How nicely you carry my train, nobody ever carried it so well before."

Then he observed that she had a right royal way of speaking. His term of service now being over, the King

thanked and congratulated him, and told him he could go at once. As he left the castle he found the princess standing at the garden gate, and she said, "Nobody ever carried my train so nicely as you did. If only you were a king and a glazier by profession," upon which he replied that he would do his best to become both, and if she would only wait for him, he would be sure to return fully qualified in both respects.

So he went to a glazier and asked him if he did not require an apprentice. "Yes, I do," said the glazier, "but it will take you four years to learn the business. The first year, you must fetch the bread from the baker's, wash and dress the children and comb their hair. The second year, you can learn to fill up the cracks with putty; the third year you may cut the glass and put it in, and by the end of the fourth year you will be a master glazier."

The page asked the glazier whether he could not begin at the fourth year and work backwards, as in that way he would get on much faster. But the glazier said that all right-minded glaziers must begin at the beginning, otherwise they would never do any proper work.

So with that the page had to be content. The first year he fetched the bread from the baker's, washed and dressed the children and combed their hair. The second year he smeared the cracks with putty, the third year he learnt to cut glass and put it in, and the fourth year he was a master glazier. So he dressed himself once more in his court clothes, took leave of his master and began to consider how he could manage to become a king.

As he went down the street, deep in thought, with his eyes on the ground, a man came up to him and asked him what he had lost? He said, "I have not lost anything, and yet I am looking for something and that something is a kingdom. Have you any idea of what I ought to do to become a king?"

"If you were a glazier by profession," said the man, "I might perhaps be able to help you."

"I am a glazier," said he, "and have just ended my apprenticeship."

When he had said this, the man related the story of the three sisters who had glass hearts, and told him how

the King insisted on the princess marrying nobody who was not a glazier by trade. "At first," said the man, "the King insisted on the glazier being a king or a prince as well; but as no kings can be found who are glaziers as well, he has had to give in to a certain extent, as the wisest of us are sometimes obliged to do. He still insists on the man being a glazier, but the other two conditions are altered."

"What are they?" said the young nobleman.

"Firstly, he must please the princess, and secondly he must have soft, velvety hands. Should a glazier turn up who happens to please the princess, and has soft, velvety hands, he may marry the princess, and will succeed to the throne at the King's death. Plenty of glaziers have been to the castle, but the princess did not like any of them; besides which, none of them had soft, velvety hands; they all had rough, coarse hands, which is all that can be expected of any ordinary glazier."

When the young nobleman had heard all this, he went off to the castle, reminded the King that he had once been his page, told him that for love of the princess he had become a glazier, and added that he should now like to marry her and succeed the King on the throne.

The King sent for the princess and asked her if the young nobleman suited her: upon her replying in the affirmative, he told the young man to remove his gloves that they might see whether he had soft velvety hands. The princess, however, said that it was quite unnecessary as she knew for a fact that he had. Long ago she had noticed that, for he had once escorted her down the staircase, and she had then been able to judge for herself. Thus all the conditions were fulfilled, and as the princess got a husband, who not only had soft velvety hands, but was a glazier into the bargain, he was fully able to take care of her heart, and he did it so well that it remained unbroken till the day of her death.

The second sister, the one whose heart was cracked, remained an old maid, and was the most charming aunt in the world. Everybody in the country-side was agreed on this point, as well as all the children which were born to the princess and the young nobleman. She taught the

young princesses to read to say their prayers, and to make doll's clothes, and she overlooked the reports which the young princes brought back from school. Those who had good reports were made much of and always got a present of some sort; but those who had bad reports only got a box on the ears, and she would say, "Just tell me, you pretty prince, what you mean by having such a report? What do you intend to be when you are grown up? Now then, out with it! Don't keep us waiting for an answer."

Then if the culprit sobbed and said, "I mean to be a K— K— King," she would laugh and say, "A nice king you will make! You will be a King Midas. His Serene Majesty King Midas with the donkey's ears." So that the naughty one was made to feel mightily ashamed of himself.

And although her heart was cracked, the princess lived to a green old age. And if anybody expressed surprise at it, she always said, "Things that get cracked in their youth and do not break immediately often last much longer than sound ones."

"Which is perfectly true." For my mother has an old cream jug white with little sprays of flowers all over it, which has been cracked ever since I can remember and still is not broken even now. And since it came into my mother's hands, she has had so many other cream jugs that I am sure I could not count them, and yet they have all been broken, one after the other.

"JACK AND JILL'S JOURNEY."

By Phæbe Allen, Author of "Playing at Botany," "Two Little Victims," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

"WELL now, young people, you ought to be very pleased with the look of to-day's lecturers, for I consider they make a very pretty group," said Professor F.O., as after a very short journey from their last meeting-place the train stopped at the underground stem station.

"But aren't we back again in Rootland?" asked several voices.

"Back again in Noodleland you mean," said Fun severely, whilst Mr. Matter-of-Fact added, "Haven't you learnt yet

that the border country of the Root Kingdom is inhabited by underground stems? But here they are to speak for themselves." And lifting up their eyes, all the Jacks and Jills saw quite a picturesque group assembled on a raised platform within the station yard.

"Read this," whispered Fun, handing a programme of the day's proceedings to Jill (who, as usual, was taking her place beside him), and which set forth the following particulars:—"A series of short lectures will be given on the private history of Rhizomes, Tubers, Bulbs and Corms, by a leading representative of each house. Several members of each family will attend in person. The speakers will be as follows:—*The Iris or Yellow Flag*, representing the Rhizomes; *The Potato*, representing the Tubers; *The Lily and Onion*, representing Bulbs ('Ugh!' said Jill, 'what a funny couple!'); and the *Crocus*, representing the Corms. The Venerable Elder, Mr. Solomon's Seal, will occupy the chair."

"Now take your places quickly," said F.O., "for there is much to hear and no time to spare before the next up-train is due, for remember, you'll find in the stem country we shall be always moving on."

"I am asked," began the ancient chairman, *creeping* along the front of the platform, as befitted his nature, "to introduce the subject of underground stems. These, my friends, are divided into four groups, namely, the *Rhizomes or Root-stocks*; I am one myself, like my kinsfolk here," bowing to a party on his right hand, where the iris stood erect, supported by lilies of the valley, faintly blushing wood anemones, golden cowslips and pale silken primroses, the creeping thistle with his handsome lilac plumes, the sweet flag and many others; the select circle being fringed by various ferns and couch grass. "Secondly, there are the *Tubers*:" here the chairman bowed to the group on his left, whose members presented rather a homely appearance in that brilliant gathering, with the worthy and highly respectable potato in their midst, supported by the Jerusalem artichoke, the black bryony, who had wisely come in his autumn uniform of dark purple leaves mingled with light yellow ones, and his gleaming red berries, the wake-robin (he had looked such a lord in the hedge), the wicked night-shade, with her lilac and yellow blossom and glossy fruit, the pig-nut, the homeliest of all this homely

group; besides truffles, regular little earth-men those, and sundry others of their kin. "Then thirdly," continued the ancient speaker, "there are the *Bulbs*," and he pointed to quite the gayest spot in all that gay company, where hyacinths of every lovely hue, and glowing tulips, gleaming daffodils and the blue starry squills, golden-faced buttercups and dazzling white lilies, the pearly star of Bethlehem, and the glistening narcissus, made a perfect rainbow of colour. Even the onion, bearing his delicately tinted blossoms, and keeping a safe distance from the noses of the audience, did not look amiss amongst his kinsfolk. "And lastly there are the *Corms*," concluded the chairman, indicating a group in the background, consisting of crocuses, purple, gold and white, their cousins, the colchicums, who with their subdued lilac blossom at the top of their long white stalks, which were absolutely leafless, looked very like poor relations, and who in their evidently shivering condition were wise enough to shun the chilly snowdrops, creeping close to the gladiolus with his warm red petals.

"Now as each group will address you through their own representative," resumed Mr. Solomon, "I only propose to draw your attention to three points, which I wish particularly to impress upon you. First, that the grand difference between roots and underground stems is this, that whereas the growing points of a root are always protected by a root-cap, and *never* give out leaves, the underground stem *always* gives out leaves, and never wears a cap or sheath of any sort to protect his growing points." ("Of course not," whispered Fun, "because as he grows upwards into the air he runs no danger of knocking *his* growing point against a stone or meeting with a wire-worm to nibble it off.") "Secondly, then," continued the chairman, "note this, that the most important duty of underground stems, especially of tubers and bulbs"—('Hear, hear,' said the potato and onion)—"is the storage of reserve food. What the green tissues of a plant manufacture in the summer sunlight is carried down and stored away in these hidden reservoirs, where this material rests quietly during the winter months. And now, thirdly and lastly, one word as to the meaning of the name of each group. Rhizome comes straight from the Greek word for root, and was used metaphorically by the Greeks to

signify the root-stock of a family, as we speak of a 'family tree'; *Tuber* is from the Latin word to swell; *Bulb* is from the Greek for knob; *Corm*, which comes also from the Greek, signifies literally, a log, a trunk of a tree. But now, I retire in favour of our first lecturer, the graceful Iris."

Stepping forward and unfurling her soft yellow flag the Iris began—

"Being what is called a prostrate, thickened *rooting* stem, I am held to be the best link between actual roots and stems. Though called an *underground* stem, I actually creep along the surface of the soil, putting out buds from the upper and thread-like roots from the under surface of my stem. Others of my kin, as the creeping thistle, the stinging nettle, and various other weeds and grasses, creep *under* the soil, often establishing themselves in fields and gardens, to the horror of farmers and gardeners, for they are such incorrigible rogues, spreading so rapidly and throwing off fresh shoots so persistently, and so entirely preventing the growth of all other plants, that even if the whole ground where they flourish is dug up, some generally stay behind to carry on their evil deeds. Some creeping grasses, such as the couch grass and sand sedge, are useful on river banks to bind the loose soil together—the reed does a great deal in that line—but on the whole, many of my fellow root-stocks are more plague than profit. Now I'm sure our chairman (whose own stem is an excellent type of a rhizome) will let me use him as an object lesson,"—upon this the obliging ancient came forward, and stretched himself full-length at the Iris' feet—"so now observe, *first*, his rhizome ends in a *bud*, that will turn into next year's shoot; next to that, a little lower down, you see a green upright shoot, that is this year's growth; then still lower down, at equal distances from each other, you see four scars like round spots, the one nearest the green shoot marks the place where last year's stalk grew and died off, whilst the other three spots show those of the three previous years. Mark this peculiarity of ours, that *we* keep our old and new parts permanently connected, and go on growing at one end, whilst we are dying at the other. But these distant sounds"—(they were loud grunts from the pig-nut, evidently the potato must have winked his eye at him)—"warn me that members of the next group are growing impatient,

so I must strike my flag and withdraw." And indeed it was high time, for the potato was already plodding across the platform to assert his rights.

"Now, my friends," began this true son of the soil, "I've been careful to bring along with me *all* my underground part, that you may see how entirely different are my root fibres, with their little root hairs growing from them, from my *stem*, with its underground branches, each of which bears a tuber, which really is nothing more nor less than the swollen tip of the stem. The tubers have on their surface a number of undeveloped buds, which are my eyes. And very proud I am of the latter, for if my eyes can't *take in* as much as yours, they can *give out* what yours can't, viz., a number of fresh stems. Now, as the chairman observed, our underground stems have hard work, storing food material during the summer months, and though folks say we go to sleep in the winter, we don't. True, when in autumn we are dug up and put in a cellar, we appear to have stopped all work in our cells, but directly the spring returns to awaken the outdoor world into life, though no light and heat reach us in our dark prison, yet we bud, and put out a slender shoot; in other words, we begin to sprout. For during the winter all our little cooks and chemists have been at work manufacturing the green part of the plant out of the materials collected during last summer. And this is the case with my cousin the Jerusalem Artichoke (he has nothing to do with Jerusalem, you know, but gets his name from an Italian ancestor, the Girasole—whom the French call "*poire de terre*," to match me, the "*pomme*," I suppose. And now one last word as to my own peculiarity—we all have got one you know—I'm propagated by my eyes, so that each of my eyes will develop into a new plant if anybody takes the trouble to cut me up."

"But apparently," remarked the chairman, "there is somebody coming to cut you *short*, and no wonder, for they're terribly pressed for time," he added, as hand-in-hand—like a funny pair one sees at a masked ball—the Onion and Lily came dancing to the edge of the platform; "you must make way for others now."

And before the Potato could twinkle one of his eyes, the Onion began, "There are two forms of bulbs you know, I

represent one and the Lily represents the other. One is called *tunicated* like myself, because I wear a tunic, the other is called *scaly* or *naked*."

"Because," put in the Lily, in a low tone, "my bulb has no *outer* clothing."

"For you see," resumed the Onion, "my inner scales which are fleshy, are covered with thin membranous ones—like silver paper—which you can strip off layer by layer all round, till you come to a wee bud in the middle. This bud is not only clothed but nourished by these layers, which are really scale leaves. These leaves give off smaller buds, which are known as *cloves*."

"But I," said the Lily, "wear my bud without any outer covering, for indeed it consists of nothing but thick, fleshy scales, which are so arranged as to overlap each other, like the leaves of many common buds. The Tulip takes after me, but the Hyacinth bulb is *tunicated* like the Onion's."

"Time," said the chairman. "Yes, come on, Mr. Crocus, but be brief."

"I only want to say," panted the golden-headed speaker, "that we corms are solid bulbs, for instead of being chiefly made up of leaf scales like a true bulb with only a small allowance of solid stem, the greater part of us *is* solid stem, for we give a very secondary place to our leaf scales. Moreover, whereas in a true bulb the growing point is in the centre, in me you will observe a number of buds growing out from my sides. This is *our* peculiarity. Good-bye, ladies and gentlemen, till next spring."

Whereupon Fun sang—

"The Rhizomes were *lengthy* in speech and in stalk,
The Tubers *branched* out in their stem and their talk,
The Bulbs, one at least, stated facts *very* *barely*,
Whilst the poor little Corms were cut short quite unfairly."

"Order," said Matter-of-Fact, "and attend to my questions."

QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

1. What are the four groups into which underground stems are divided? Mention some of their representatives.
2. What is the great distinction between roots and underground stems?
3. What is the chief duty of an underground stem?

4. Whence do the various forms of underground stems derive their names?

5. Mention the peculiar characteristic of the Rhizome, that of the Tuber, that of the Bulb, and that of the Corm.

6. What makes the difference between the bulbs of the Lily and Onion?

Members are asked to send in their answers as early as possible in December, as the prizes will be awarded at the end of the month. There will be three prizes given for each division, and each member is requested to add up his own marks and send them in with his next paper, that they may be compared with those kept at the "Jack and Jill" Booking Office. The subscriptions of 1/- for next year's journey fall due on January 1, 1896.

New Member.—Pearl Borrer.

The following Members have received marks, viz. :—

Div. I. Joan Campion (4), Madeline Graham Watson (5), Honora G. Sneyd (5), Alexander Colles (6), Eileen Colles (5), Winifred Grice (6), Jessie Vickers (6), Bernard Ward (6), Margaret Bulley (6), Faith Venables (5).

Div. II. Kathleen Hosking (4), James Dixon (5), Pearl Borrer for two papers (11), Vera Dawson for three papers (16), Dorothea Steinthal for three papers (17), Lilius Summers (6), Esmé Graham Watson (6), Dorothy Senior for two papers (11), Iole Mac Donnell for two papers (10), Edith Samuel for three papers (14), Meta Colles (6), Rhoda Goddard (6), Clare Pelly (6), Maud Vickers (6), Hawthorn Robertson (6).

Div. III. Eva Hudson (6), Cicely Foster (6), Kathleen Sandbach (6), Hester Sandbach (6), Dorothy Mayall (5), Kathleen Colles (3), Jack Vickers (5), Emily Vickers (6), Janet Brooke (5), Ethelwyn Robertson (6), Dorothy Yeo (4).